ULTIMATE

ELEKTRA®

ISSUE 2

DEVIL'S DUE: PART 2

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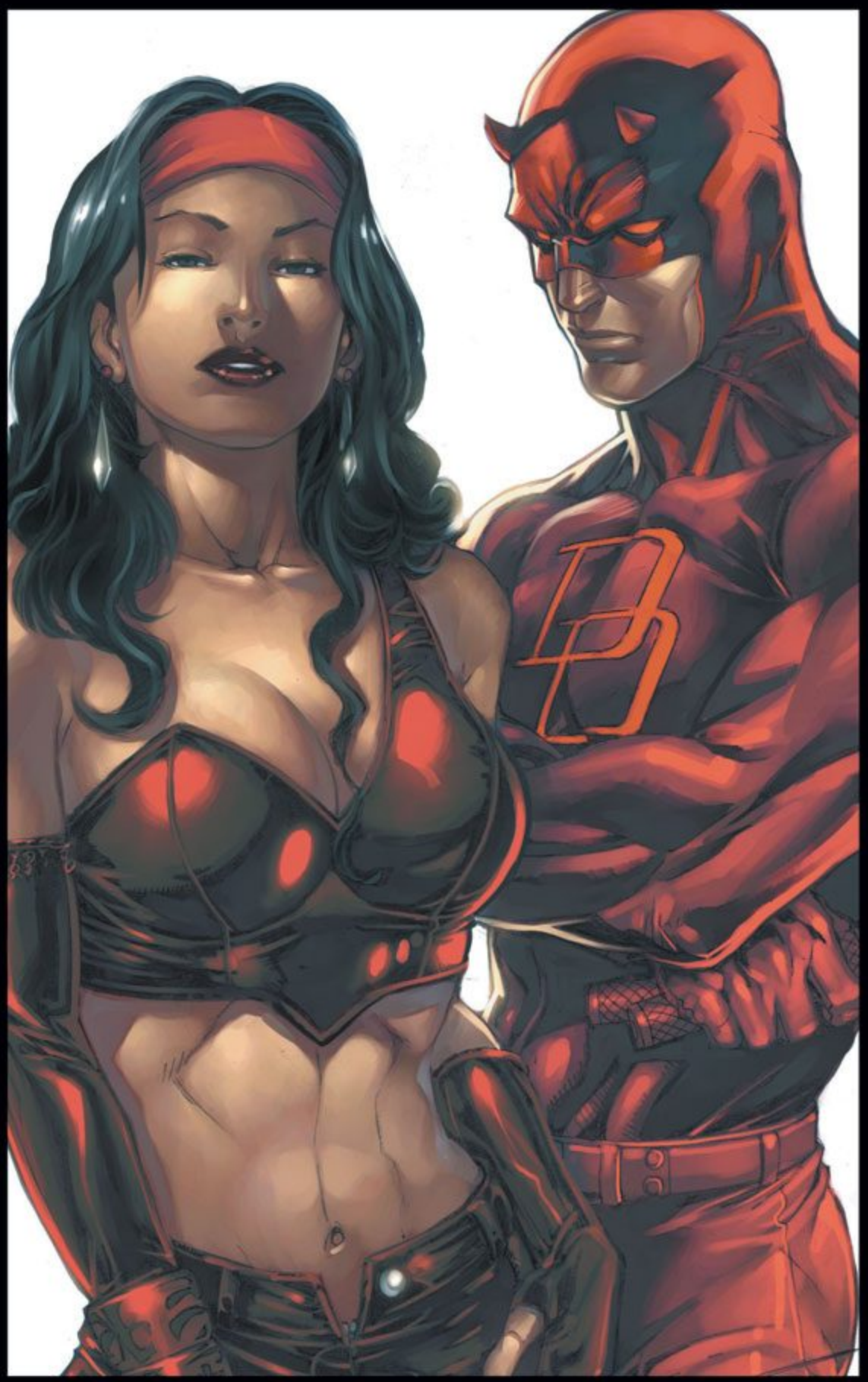
PREVIOUSLY

ULTIMATE ELEKTRA

"DEVIL'S DUE" part 2 of 5



Elektra Natchios had a happy life--she had begun a promising college career, was dating blind law student Matt Murdock, and her immigrant father had found success with a laundromat in Queens. But Elektra lost it all. The laundromat burned to the ground, leaving her father unable to pay for her school--and Matt learned that he couldn't live with the darkness buried deep in Elektra's soul.

Now Elektra is forced to stand by as her father makes a deal with her unscrupulous cousins, Paul and Leander. In exchange for rebzuilding the laundromat, the cousins take control of the business--and Elektra suspects they don't have the Natchios family's best interests at heart.

She's right. The cousins plan to launder something other than clothes: the dirty money earned from their criminal activities with Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime. But when Paul and Leander's accountant, Cullen, threatens to turn state's evidence and give the authorities the ledger that records their crimes, the cousins are forced to send a pair of armed mercenaries to the offices of the lawyer Walter Savage, to kill Cullen and retrieve the ledger.

Little do they know that Savage's intern is none other than Matt Murdock, whose enhanced senses let him "see" the gunmen arriving...but they blast through the wall behind Matt before he can act.

Meanwhile, Elektra finds herself literally caught between her cousins and the Kingpin...

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Ultimate Elektra No. 2, November, 2004. Published Miniseries by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10016.

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$2.25 per copy in the U.S. and $3.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in Canada.** ALLEN LIPSON, Chief Executive Officer and General Counsel; AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; GUI KARYO, President of Publishing and CIO; DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Russell Brown, Executive Vice President, Consumer Products, Promotions and Media Sales at rbrown@marvel.com or 212-576-8561.

I'm sorry to *interrupt* your conversation--
--or your *exercise* regime, whichever this might be--
--but I want to talk with Leander Natchios. In *private*.

Well sorry, but I'm not *through* with him just yet.

If you want to walk around the *block* a few--

Now I'm through. I'm very through.

I just didn't *realize* how through I was.

12

SLAM

15

12

Natchios, you've *disappointed* me.

You must be *aware* that nobody gets to do that *twice.*

Mister Fisk, please. Sit down. Let me *explain.*

The *situation* is under control.

Is it? In what *respect?*

It's *true* that Cullen is talking to the D.A. But he knows *nothing* about our links with you.

And my brother--Paul--has taken *steps*--

I've got some people taking care of it right *now,* Mister Fisk.

We have a *friend* in the attorney's office. He slipped us the *word.*

Cullen has been lying *low,* but he's in there now, spilling his guts.

So we called some *other* friends--Billy Roth and the *Deacon.* You know the Deacon?

Cold as *ice.* A man worthy even of *your* attention.

Cullen is *dead,* Mister Fisk. Believe me. As soon as that phone rings--

--we'll know where to send the *flowers.*

What's this? A *Mondrian?*

Or some kind of *cheapo* pay-by-the-yard copy?

Well whatever it is, I want you all up *against* it.

Billy, get those *blinds.* This is a private party.

Him you can *carry.*

No! He might have a broken *spine* or something.

It wouldn't be *safe* to move him.

Then let him *lie.* Hell do *I* care?

But get yourselves over by that *wall* or someone'll be carrying *you.*

You. You're *Savage,* right? Where's *Cullen?*

He--he's not here. He was in my *office* earlier, but he's gone.

Then let's go take a *look* in your office.

Billy, any of these people *move,* you tell 'em some *lawyer* jokes.

If *that* don't work, blow their *heads* off.

I wish to make myself ***clear,*** so that there's no misunderstanding later. No-- ***ambiguity.***

My own information ***conflicts*** with yours on one point.

Cullen keeps a ***notebook.*** A ledger.

Some of my associates ***appear*** in this ledger, identified by name--and with a ***wealth*** of incriminating detail.

Whether or not Cullen dies, I ***want*** that book.

Of course, Mister Fisk. I've already given ***orders--***

I want it placed in my ***hand.*** Whatever that takes.

If I have to sort this matter out ***myself,*** I'll do so with ***biblical*** thoroughness.

Root and branch. I hope you ***understand*** me.

You should put your bodyguard out to ***grass,*** Natchios, and employ the ***girl.***

I suspect she'd be a ***bargain.***

WHUMP

Sorry! I thought that'd be ***springy.*** Like a trampoline.

I was hoping I could bounce ***off*** of it and catch hold of a--

Skip it.

Not ***important.***

Listen--I need to go to the *bathroom.*

I'm not stopping you.

You ladies might want to look *away,* though. Could get kind of--

CLICK

Aw, for the *love* of--

THUK

WHUD

What *happened?*

They've *killed* someone!

Oh my God! Oh my God!

So hey, girlie. You wanna tell me where *Cullen* is at?

I don't--I don't know what you--

Sure you do.

I mean this here's his *book*, right?

And this is a guy's *jacket*, when I can see you ain't a *guy*--

Boo.

Please! Please don't *hurt* me!

No *problem*, Cullen. Be over too *quick* to hurt all that much.

Wow. Dunno where *that* came from.

But it sure was an *innovative* use of legal precedent.

What's ***happening,*** Lyall? Is he--?

He's ***unconscious.*** Someone took him down.

But the ***other*** one's still out there. I don't think we should ***move.***

I'm going to get the ***lights.***

We've got to call an ***ambulance*** for my friend.

Matt! You're ***okay!***

Ow. Am I?

To be ***honest,*** Foggy, I'm feeling a little ***rough.***

Did something happen?

What was the big ***bang?***

Aw, hell.

TEK TEK TEK

Natchios.

What is it?

They **blew** it. We got wall-to-wall **cops** here.

I'm coming **home.**

So it's **done?**

Did they get the **book?** Is everything good?

Elektra! I don't *believe* you, girl!

You *followed* this dude?

MILK

I wanted to know where he *lived.*

But who *is* this Fisk guy, anyway?

Umm... friend of my *cousin's.*

And how'd you keep *up* with him if he was in a *car?*

Weird *Shaolin* priest stuff.

If I told you, I'd have to *kill* you.

"Nah, you know what New York *traffic* is like. I just ran along *behind* him for a block or so.

"He stopped at a red *light* and I--

"--well, I took the *bus.*"

ONE WAY

"Gave me time to catch my breath.

"And, y'know, it's a lot cheaper than a ***cab.***

"So around about 110th Street they turned off into some kind of underground ***garage.***

"And I'm ***still*** along for the ride.

--don't even ***begin*** to trust those fools to handle this.

Call ***Chicago.*** Ask them who they've got on hand. Preferably someone I've used ***before.***

"And here's the ***beauty*** of it.

This situation is a ***mess.***

I don't ***tolerate*** mess.

"He never clocked me at ***all.*** Never knew I was ***there.***"

I'm like a ghost. A ***ninja*** ghost.

You're like a ***crazy*** person. I'm scared of touchin' you, in case it's ***contagious.***

What was the ***point*** of this--stuff?

These guys are the worst news I ever heard. I've got to get a job and pay off poppa's loan to them--

"--otherwise I don't know ***what*** they'll drag him into."

He plays the ***horses***--but mostly he bets online.

Well, maybe we could trace his ***computer?***

Nah. You gotta snag an I.P. address and work ***backwards.*** It's murder.

Finding out where they've ***put*** Cullen won't be a problem. Our friend at the law firm is ***working*** on that.

The trick will be ***getting*** to him. And may I remind you that our window is only as wide as the Kingpin's patience.

Well, the ***police*** are gonna be all over 'im like ants on a ***sandwich.*** It's not going to be--

Oh hey. Maybe we could--you know--

What? Maybe we could ***what?***

No, probably we ***couldn't.*** It's just I know a ***house*** he phones out to.

You know, when he wants a ***girl.*** You think--?

Yes.

I see a ***possibility*** there.

July 27th.

Waivers? Why do we have to sign *waivers?*

I'm *sorry,* people. I just do what I'm told.

I guess the partners want to make sure there's no *fallout* for the firm from what happened yesterday.

They don't miss a *trick,* do they?

That's how they got to *be* partners. Mister Murdock, Walter Savage said he'll want you in *court*--

--just as soon as he's *done* in boardroom three. You can go on over and *wait* for him.

Are you even *listening* to me? These people ripped apart a building to get to you. *This* building.

I'm suggesting that we *rotate* you from one safe house to *another* on a random--

No. No way.

They were staking out this *office.* They don't *know* where I'm staying.

But as soon as they find *out*--

No. You can put a police *guard* on the house, but I'm not moving.

I'm not putting my life on *hold* for you. You need me *alive,* right?

Well then, you'll just have to be *smarter* than Leander Natchios. How hard can *that* be?

...Natchios...?

July 28th.

No *shorthand.*

No, I've never--

No *experience.*

Well, I was looking to *get* some.

No *chance.*

Don't take this the wrong *way,* Ms. Natchios. But as a college dropout looking for a first position, I think you're aiming a little high.

Have you considered the *fast-food* and *retail* sectors?

OPEN

Elektra.

We need to *talk.*

Leander, I'm kind of **busy** right now.

Could you close the car door on your **head** a few times-- until it starts to **feel** good?

Such **hostility,** cousin.

Then I assume you're no longer **interested** in buying off your father's **debt** to me.

Very well. Drive **on,** Bruno. I made a **mistake.**

Wait! Wait! What do you **mean?**

Not here on the **street,** girl.

Climb inside.

God, I feel sleazy just being in the same **world** as you, let alone the same **car.**

Another time I'd teach you **manners,** Elektra. At the moment I have a **problem,** and you an opportunity.

An hour's **work** buys your poppa his freedom.

But **fail** me--

--and the next time you see him you'll be identifying him on a **mortuary** slab.

Well, the stats say it **all**, John. Twenty-two aces, three double faults. He's all **over** Rusedski.

Greg's finding it hard to make his **mark** on this game, certainly.

SPORTS PAGE

CLICK --how I manage to keep my skin so **young**-looking, but it's no big secret. I use--

CLICK --a **lumberjack** and I'm okay, I sleep all night and I **work** all--

CLICK

SOBERN

LEAVING LASVEGAS
TORRENTE 2
THE GODFATHER
LOVE STORY
ALIENS

Did you **tell** him about standing in front of the window?

Only a hundred ***times.***

We should tattoo it ***backwards*** on his lousy face so's he can see it when he ***shaves.***

Hello, Sandy? Yeah, it's ***me.*** Listen, could you send over a girl?

One with some ***legs*** on her?

Got *just* the lady for you, Cully. Name's *Patricia.* New in town.

You tell me where to *send* her and you're gonna have yourself a night to *remember.*

You're *on.*

You'd better *not.*

Thank you, Sandra. I won't *forget* this.

Find the notebook. *Avoid* the police. Get out *alive.*

You think this is lowering my *I.Q.?* You *told* me.

Let's just *do* this.

I'll *twist.*

And you're *bust.*

That's another year's *pension.* I hope you're *good* for this.

Oh lord. Check *this* out.

There's no justice in the *world.*

BEER

Maybe we should *search* her. She could have hidden *weapons.*

I reckon our man's safe *enough.*

Unless she's gonna stab him to death with a *hairpin* or something.

Hi. I'm-- Patricia.
Sure.
Come on *in.*
I'll be with you in a *minute.* I've got a *horse* in this race.
No *hurry.* Really.
Why'n't you go wait for me *upstairs?*
Come on, come *on!*
Use the *whip,* you moron!
Oh, *thank* you, God! I knew I'd been *good--*
--but I didn't know I'd been *this* good.
How you guys *doing* here?
How you *think* we're doing? This makes twelve hours *straight.*
BRONSKY BAGEL BAKERY
Man, I want to have me some of what *he's* getting.
Well, hey.
You only had to *ask.*
BRONSKY BAGEL

Now what the ***hell*** would you want with that?

Ow! Nothing!

Nothing at ***all!***

Did someone ***send*** you here?

No. ***Nobody*** sent me.

You better let go of my arm. You're hurting me.

Well maybe if I hurt you a bit ***more,*** you'll tell me the--

Aaah! Jeez!

You lousy ***skirt!***

I'm going to take ***pieces*** out of you!

Give me the *book!*

Give me the book or I swear I'll *kill* you.

So Leander's using *whores* now.

That's just about his--

You've got a *demeaning* attitude to women, mister.

Uff!

And *breath* like a billy goat!

All things *considered*--

Guuh!

It's no wonder you have to *pay* for your dates.

You-- you split my *lip.*

You think you're gonna get *away* with this? You think you can--?

TSCH

FUP

Bullseye.

To Be Continued...